THE ROYALL VOTARIE LAYING DOVVNE SVVORD AND SHIELD, TO TAKE VP PRAYER AND PATIENCE', THE DEVOVT PRACTICE, OF HIS SACRED MAIESTY K. CHARLES I. IN HIS SOLITVDES & Sufferings.

In part metrically Paraphraſed.

By Ri. Watson.

Printed AT CAEN,
By CLAVDE LE BLANC.
M. DC. LX.

M. S.

TO

THE MEMORIE

OF THE MOST PIOVS

AND

OTHERVVISE EMINENTLY

accomplish'd Lady

MADAM ELIZABETH COVENTRY

Late VVife to the Honorable

FRANCIS COVENTRY Eſquire,

For the advancemēt of VVhoſe private devotion, *and* particular ſatisfaction, *this* Paraphraſe vv*as firſt deſigned, but ſadly retarded by her immature, though excellently* Chriſtian, *deceaſe, moſt exemplarie unto her ſexe,*

At Caen in Normandy

Octob. 29. 1656.

NOVV PVBLISH'D,

In a gratefull recognition of the Ladie's noble favours, and countenance unto the Authour, vvhen in a ſtate of Ejection, and Exile, as a diſcharge, in part, of his indiſpenſable obligation.

SIMONIDES.

Τοίας γυναῖκας ἀνδράσιν χαρίζεσθαι
Ζεὺς τὰς ἀρίστας, καὶ πολυφραδεστάτας.

THE AVTHOVR'S APOLOGIE

For dedicating his Paraphraſe to a Perſon deceaſed.

Bookes that in *darkneſſe* walke, & muſt be read
By *mid-night-Tapers*, when the World's halfe dead
Leſt ſome *disloyall* friend, or brother's eye
Should, in their *Frontiſpice*, *the King* eſpye,
In vaine protection from the *living* crave,
Glad, if they may pay duty at a *grave*.

ADVERTISMENTS to the Reader.

1. This Hexaſtich vvas præfixed to the booke, vvhen endeavours vvere to have it printed, long before the happy re-entry of His Majeſty K. Ch. II. into England.

2. THE ROYALL VOTARIE, in the Title, allude's to the vvord at the end of

ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ.

VOTA dabunt quæ bella negârunt.

The pious and prudent MEDITATIONS after each chapter in vvhich EXCELLENT BOOKE are the PROSE of the enſuing HYMNES.

THE PARAPHRAST TO A GENTLEMAN HIS FRIEND, IF AT COVRT.

SIR,

If any unkind *Critike* chance
Vp to ye *Chaire* of *State* t' advance;
Or, being admitted neare the *Bed*
Where our dread *Soveraigne* laye's his head,
VVith *ſcorn full*, or *ſeverer*, looke,
Abſurdly to preſent this *Booke*,
And, all acceptance to prevent,
Pretace it with my *male-intent*,
As if, a sheet of *fame* to have,
I pillaged a *Royall Grave*;
Or, a *ſelf-holineſſe* to paint,
Vncanoniz'd a *Kingly Saint*;
When he the *after-miſſive* reade's,
If he, to my *confuſion*, pleade's,
That I the *Councell-Chamber* enter,
And, ſubtile in diſguiſe, adventer
To parallele their wiſe *Debate*
VVith that *Great Oracle* of *State*,
And antedate it with *event*

Accordingly as they *consent*;
VVith humblest reverence addresse,
And freely in my name professe,
I can not be so fond in *Verse*
As to pluck *laurells* from an *herse*;
Not so ambitious of the *VVreath*,
As to act *sacriledge* on *Death*;
Or, to make *false coyne* in renowne,
New-mint the language of the *Crowne*;
And, should I that *bright starre* invade,
I damn'd were to eternall shade.
Then to their *Lordships* gravely turne,
Aske pardon that I from the *Vrne*
Borrow the lampe which feedes a flame,
Eternizing *Great Charles*'s name;
Or from his *Ashes* fetch that fire
Which, though *suppress'd*, can ne'r expire;
And set it 'new in publike sight,
Not them to *scorch*, but those to *light*
Who by their *Acts*, or *Votes*, had share,
In *heading* Him, or *holding haire*,
Whose soaring thoughts were not of *King*,
But some swift *Cherub's* on ye wing,
That snatch't from Heav'n a *cloven coale*,
With *raptures* to inspire his *soul*;
And for the *Prince* a *letter* to ke
From *Divine Wisdome's Councell-Booke*,
(To fathome which I finde so deep,
That for some *Druid* halfe I keep)

VVhence

Whence they may ſee their ſad miſtake
That did an *Angel-Martyr* make,
And kiſſe the *ſonne*, in fury, rather,
Then clouds & lightning from the *father*;
Or, proſtrated, his *Acts* of *grace*,
And Him, receive, in *Vengeance* place.
Next, If *Sir Critike* will denie
The *Preſence* to my *Poëtrie*,
And to the *Pantry-Office* ſend it;
Before his *Cloſe-Caball* can mend it,
Becauſe few *heightnings* doe appeare
Of *fancie* to incline the eare;
And he that marke's may often ſee
The *words*, as *ſenſe*, left on the *knee*;
Tell him, ſome language to refine,
Would ſpoyle the *Votarie's* deſigne;
And make it fitter for the *ſtall*,
Then *Oratoire*, or Heav'n's *White Hall*,
And that my *Muſe*, in all the reſt,
'cauſe he did *nothing*, did her *beſt*.

TO OTHERS.

SIR,

Expreſſe my ſorrow, that no ſonne
Survive's to lofty *Sands* nor *Donne*,
Or, what in beauty I diminish,
That polite *Fanshaw* doe's not finish.

TO THE READER.

FRIEND,

After theſe Papers had paſſed from me, and through more hands then I intended, notice vvas given me out of England, that the vvhole VVorke vvas completed by another gentleman, & published in a Quarto volume; but neither Booke, nor Authour's name, ſent me. This checked my inclination to haſten vvhat I more deſigned; yet changed not my reſolution to communicate in Print vvhat I had allready done, rather then to let it run the h'azard, or ſuſtaine the certaine inconveniences, of Tranſcripts: beſide the ſatisfaction I hereby have in diſcharging part of a greater debt I ovve to the dead and living; & the hopes that, vvithout all ſupercilious comparing the leſſe vvith the greater, and (in likelihood) the better copie, the diverſity of fancie may ſo pleaſe ſome, and the plaineſſe of language profit others, that I may be encouraged hereatter to reſume the vvorke, and ſupplie vvhat is yet vvanting to my Paraphraſe both of the Royall Hymnes and Letter; vvhich had been long ſince done, but for ſcruples vvithin my ſelfe, vvhether I might not be cenſured for more impudence, then zeale, in medling vvith Royall pieces, though I argued my ovvne juſtification from theirs vvho had been as bold vvith King David, as I vvith King Charles; VVhether in many particulars I might not be thought to ſpeake my ovvne ſenſe, much different from His Majeſtie's; to advance Policie more then Piety; make Devotion but ſerve deſigne. VVhich jealouſies accõpanied VVith a fore ſight of great difficulties vve abroad muſt encounter to obtaine ye priviledge of a preſſe, vvhere vve are, or by ye uncertain endeavours of friends at diſtance from us, vvere the principall impediments that render'd the booke imperfect, & retarded it ſo long from being put, as it is, into a publike capacity of your pardon, or acceptance, novv deſired by

Your humble ſervant Ri. VVatson.

HYMNE I.

Sr John Franckline VPON HIS MAIESTIE'S CALLING THE LAST PARLIAMENT.

. . . . . .

FOr thou, ô Lord, ha'ſt made us ſee
Reforming vowes may fruſtrate bee,
Nor ſatisfie, nor yet prevent,
Thy Iuſtice for a life ill-ſpent.
Our *Sinnes* our *Hopes* have overlayd,
In what we ſuffer, thou ha'ſt ſayd,
We on *thy mercies* muſt depend;
Not on *our purpoſe* to amend.
When thou thy Glory ha'ſt aſſerted
By judgements not to be diverted,
Shewing how unſecure we bee,
Firſt *meaning ſin*, then *pleaſing thee*,
Itruſt thy Mercy will reſtore
The bleſſings we enjoy'd before,

Till preſs'd, by our abuſe, to force
Through thy forbearance their divorce.
Sinnes not repented in due time
Make our late *remedies* a *crime*,
So deſpicable in thine eye,
As we *retract*, while we *apply*.
Yet judge I not, by the event;
My ſummoning this *Parliament*,
Since in it I have not withſtood
Thy glory, nor my *Subjects good*;
The miſeries, thence iſſued
Vpon my Kingdomes and my head,
Are in proportion, weight, and meaſure;
Deſerv'd effects of thy diſpleaſure:
Yet may thy Mercy theſe improve
To as great inſtances of *Love*,
When we have, by *relenting grace*,
Prepared hearts them to embrace.
Though thou haſt us, ô Lord, depriv'd
Of many comforts fore-atchiv'd,
Yet grant I, and my People may,
Afflicted, and chaſtis'd, eſſay
How to defeat our vaine foes end,
Not at thee *murmure*, but *amend*;
And, ſtrengthen'd by the *ſtaffe* of God,
Be no leſſe cherish'd by his *rod*.
Then ſhall we count our miſeries
A *Father's* ſtrokes, no *Enemie's*,

When

When thou shalt ou high thoughts depreſſe,
We bow and thanke, *the child's redreſſe.*
No cauſe shall I have to repent
Our downe fall by this *Parliament*,
When I, and mine, ſincerely, thence,
Each ſound the depth of his offence,
So infinitely doth thy Grace,
Though chaſtning, peace with *ſin ſurpaſſe.*
O thou *Tranſcendent good*, and *wiſe*,
That over rul'ſt all we deviſe,
Ariſe, and act a *Soveraigne's* part
In the *ſupremacy of heart*,
That whom thy *Iuſtice* doth or'etake,
Thy *Mercy* may the better make.
Sinnes that turne *antidotes* to *bane*
Let Grace metamorphoſe againe:
Whom ſinnes of *Peace* diſpos'd to *Warre*,
Let *Warre* for thy bleſs'd *Peace* prepare;
That though I have three Kingdomes here
Surcharg'd with *jealouſie* and *feare*,
I may attaine, in lieu of theſe,
Heart-and-Heav'n's Royalty of Peace,
Chriſt's purchaſe, which may now begin
To ſubdue *Sorrow*, though I ſin.

HYMNE

HYMNE II.

VPON THE EARLE OF STRAFFORD'S DEATH.

. . . . . .

BVt of thy mercies numberleſſe
Forgive me that *complying act*,
Wherein more ſin I muſt confeſſe
Then others by it could contract:
Since neither *Envy* had, nor *Hate*,
Me with the leaſt temptation mov'd,
I ſhould have kept my *Royall State*,
And my *authority* approv'd,
That *noble ſoul* to have preſerv'd,
Whoſe fall if I could not prevent,
At leaſt not ſo farre to have ſwerv'd,
To *ſigne* with, or without, *conſent*.
Lord, Iacknowledge my tranſgreſſion,
My ſin before me ever ſtand's,
The early dew of my *confeſſion*
Yet cleanſeth not my *ſigning hands*.
O God of my ſoul-ſaving health,

Me

Me from the guilt of *bloud* deliver,
My Tongue shall magnifie thy wealth,
Iuſt God, yet rich in *mercy*, ever.
Againſt thee onely have I ſinn'd,
And done this euill in thy view;
Thou ſaw'ſt my *trembling hand* that *ſign'd*
What my *Heart* juſt, nor fitting, knew.
Yet from thy preſence caſt me not,
Purge me with my *Redeemer's bloud*,
That being cleane from every ſpot,
I may as guiltleſſe be allow'd.
O wash me in that *purple rill*,
And I shall whiter be then *ſnow*;
By *Iudgements* let me learne thy *Will*,
My *frailty* in thy *juſtice* know.
While I *uncertaine counſell* heard,
And by it one man's *bloud* have shed,
In hope of more then ha's appear'd,
From after-turmoiles to be freed;
For that, involv'd with other ſinnes,
Vpon me and my Realmes thou haſt
(As if thy *Wrath* teem'd more then *twinnes*)
Great, *long*, and *heavy*, troubles caſt,
Make me true *juſtice* to preferre
Before *croſſe clamours* of the crue,
That is thy *will*, this they averre,
Revenge is, to themſelves moſt due.
That *once* they have me *overcome*,

To

To pleaſe them, by diſpleaſing thee;
Is *once too much*, I have my doome
For *popular facilitie.*
Let me no more *State-Reaſon* place
In *Conſcience-Reaſon's* radiant Chaire;
The *God* of *Reaſon*, thee, out face,
And *Iudge* of *Conſciences* dare.
What ere, ô Lord, thou tak'ſt away;
Doe thy ſalvation's joy reſtore;
Let thy *free Spirit* be my ſtay,
And unſubject me, as before.
To *three lights* in my ſoul that shine;
Religion, *Iuſtice*, *Reaſon*, I
Can onely *Royalty* reſigne,
And of my *Will* me *King* denie.
For thou cleare Truth and undiſguis'd,
Deſireſt in the inward parts,
And outward ſpeach is by thee pris'd,
When not diſſenting from our hearrs.
Lord heare the *double-languag'd blood.*
From thy *Son* & my *Saviour's* voyce,
That wil be ſooner underſtood,
Which hath of things the better choyce,
O! to me, and my People bring
The melodie of joy and mirth,
And make us heare thy *Angel* ſing
The charming *Antheme* of his *Birth*:
So may the bones, that broken lie,

Be

Be reünited by thy hand,
And in *Seraphike* harmonie
Mysteriously counterband.

HYMNE III.

VPON
HIS MAIESTIE'S GOING
TO
THE HOVSE OF COMMONS.

LOrd, thou in *Heav'n* my witnesse art,
And in my *heart*;
If I against the innocent
Have mischiefe men't;
If *violence*, or *tyrannie*,
To practise hath been thought byme;

Then let the *Foe* pursue my soul,
Without controul;
My toylsome Life tread to the ground,
And me confound;
Because he *will*, pretend he *must*
Bury mine honour in the dust.

O thou

O thou that darteſt from the Skye
A *piercing eye*,
Whoſe *Spirit* circling in the veines
Trie's heart, & reines;
That deeds of darkneſſe bring'ſt to light,
Diſplay thy luſter in our ſight.

Let not my miſeries therein
Import my ſin
(As wiſe and godly men wil thence
Charge no offence)
More then the pious can be ſure
Theſe are, becauſe *unpunish'd*, *pure*,

Wherein, by perſecuting mee,
They injure thee,
Though here no judgement thou intend,
Nor they amend;
Yet let them of thy Mercy taſt,
When their *repenting time* is paſt.

From cloſe conſpiracies, or force
In open courſe;
From men that bloudy are, and rave
Thy ſervant ſave,
As I in this have upright bin,
By *hand* without, by *heart* within.

Plead

Plead my cauſe, and maintaine my right,
Or *judge*, or *fight*,
Who on thy right-decerning Throne
Art three in One;
That I thy ſervant ever may
For thy ſalvation prayſes pay.

HYMNE IV.

VPON THE INSOLENCY OF THE TVMVLTS.

.....

BVt thou, Lord, art my refuge, and defence,
To thee, upon the wings of *Innocence*,
I may ſecurely fly, the lowd ſea's rage
Thou rul'ſt, the People's madneſſe do'ſt allwage.
The flouds, the flouds, Lord, in upon me come,
And ſwell, to crowne my head with grey-hairdſome;
Mine owne ſinnes, & my People's, I behold,
Our ſoul's tumultuous inſolencies, bold

To riſe againſt thee; Theſe the cauſes are
(Iuſt ones) of inundations popular,
Which thou permitt'ſt the bankes to overbeare
That *loyal*, *modeſt*, *right*, *juſt*, *pious*, were.
But thou that did'ſt into one caverne call,
And mold the waters to a liquid ball;
Which, faſt confined by a cord of ſand,
Leave us a proſpect of the drained Land,
Againe orewhelm'd by a *prodigious ſhower*,
Till flouds & clouds, chac'd by thy Word of power,
Thoſe to their ſubterranean cells retire,
Theſe in white fleeces ſpread, or aire expire;
Rebuke ye *Centaures*; reſcue the King's life
From Vulgar rudeneſſe, and Plebeian ſtrife:
Grant, at our inſtance, we may once more ſee
Our chained *Parliaments* and *Councels* free;
Cleare up our Paſſions miſts, unmaske the face
Of ſhining *Reaſon* and *Religion's* grace;
Nor let's be gazers onely, but purſue
In grauity and order what we viewe,
As *Men* & *Chriſtians* ought, ſo ſhall we raiſe
To thee a practike *Trophie* of due praiſe,
Who, being the God of Order, in each ſtate,
And Councell, do'ſt heady confuſion hate.
Wherein men impotent, or willfull, be,
Shew of thy Iuſtice th'omnipotencie;
Give them that yet draw breath a lively ſenſe

And

And penſive ſorrow for their *great offenſe*;
Who theſe diſorders raiſe, or not reſtraine,
Let *ſhame* confound here, not hereafter *paine*;
By *Reaſon* bound our *Paſſions*, *Errours* ſource
By *Truth*; againſt *Sedition* reënforce,
And execute, juſt lawes; Let *Charity*
Our Schiſmes compoſe, or *Cenſure* cruciſie;
That as thine owne *Ieruſalem*, ſo we
Within our ſelves may reünited be.
This, my God, grant for Chriſt's ſake, whoſe deceaſe
Copied, and left, a *legacie of Peace.*

HYMNE V.

VPON HIS MAIESTIE'S PASSING THE BILL FOR THE TRIENNALL PARLIAMENTS, AND AFTER SETLING THIS DVRING Ye PLEASVRE OF Ye TWO HOVSES.

MY God, I ſtill appeale to thee,
Whoſe all-diſcerning eye can ſee

Through each diſguiſe
Vaine men deviſe,
And, though they juſt pretend to be,
Will, undeceived, marke
Their falſe hearts in the darke.

Thou gaveſt me a heart to grant
More then reliev'd my ſubjects want;
Which, then enlarg'd,
Is now or'echarg'd,
And all that from them ſuffer can't,
As ſome ſtraine to repay;
The more ungratefull they.

Thy will be done, when ne'r ſo much
It countermandeth ours, though ſuch
As what we doe
Thine and theirs too
We meane in every point ſhould tuch;
Concurring in one ſenſe;
As they laid their pretenſe.

Inſtruct me, by *compliant grace*,
With will, and wiſdome, to embrace
Hopes fruſtrated,
Deſires unſped,
Which running were a ſpecious race;
As all fullfill'd had been;
Wish'd, or confided in.

While

While to allay their feares I thought,
I ſee my owne amazement wrought;
Them faſt to make,
My ſelfe I ſhake,
By the requital they have brought;
For good returning ill,
Hatred for my good will.

While raging tempeſts twiſt my ſhrowds,
Croſſe windes, and waves, meet in full crowds;
To neither port
Can I reſort
Secure, unleſſe thou in the clouds,
O Lord, my Pilot be,
Saile forth or back with me.

Thou can'ſt, with eaſe, make my *defence*
My People's *Love* and *confidence*;
Nor is it hard
For thee to guard
Me 'midſt the hate, and adverſe ſenſe,
Too many zelots have
Of all I grant, or crave.

Which thou haſt ſuffer'd to prevaile
So farre, as they all *Acts* retaile
To my abuſe,
Pervert the uſe,

And

And *me with my owne hands assaile*,
Which all-indulgent were;
So voyd was I of feare.

Yet can no favours from my hand
Make others more obnoxious stand;
Then I may bee,
O Lord, to thee,
For thine, as numberlesse as sand;
Which, hugely gratified;
I sometime misapplied.

Be we, or not, thus parallele,
Let us alike our sinnes repele,
With silent teares
So strike thine eares;
As thou our wounded soules may'st heale;
Vouchsafing such a grace
As we dare not efface.

Let their ill-natur'd injurie
Conuert to my felicitie;
Let their defect
Make me reflect;
With full intent to rectifie
All that may thee offend;
Search, censure, and amend.

So

So though the ſinnes of others meet
Mine to chaſtiſe with nimble feet;
Vote and *crie downe*
My worldly *Crowne*;
Yet is thy Mercy twice as fleet
Such *ſufferers* to owne,
Relieve, *Saint*, *reënthrone.*

HYMNE VI.

VPON HIS MAIESTIE'S RETIREMENT FROM WESTMINSTER.

PReſerve thy ſervant free
In native libertie;
Where *Reaſon* doth not bind,
Lord, keep me unconfin'd;
Permit none to reſtraine
Religion Soveraigne;
Though juſtly thou require
We ſubject our deſire,
And intellects reſigne,
To dictates more divine;
I certainly fullfill,

In

In guarding theſe, thy will,
Who art unerring-wiſe,
All-good, without diſguiſe.
When *Reaſon* carnallie
Suggeſt's, let *Fayth* replie,
While it attending ſtands
Myſterious command's,
And thoſe, on *Truth's* repute,
Obey without diſpute.
Yet mayſt thou well expect
We, ſeruing, ſhould reflect
On the obliging ſenſe
Of ſelf-bound *Conſcience*;
Vntie by *Iudgement*, not
For *terrour* cut the knot;
When men expoſtulate,
The controverſie ſtate
By *Reaſon*, and know'n *Lawe*,
Theſe *Iuſtice* guide, not awe;
Declare conſent to nought,
But as theſe judge we ought.
Thou know'ſt with what regreat
I made a *ſlow retreat*,
By thee plac'd in the Chaire,
To act my Realme's affaire,
Which then requir'd my ſtay,
Leſt ſome ſhould it betray.
When e'r I underſtood

It for my People's good,
I did my ſelfe deprive
Of *Heav'n's* prærogative,
How farre, how oft, they know,
Acknowledgement that owe.
Let not in any wiſe
The importunities
Of ſome, whoſe moſt ingrate,
Earneſt, immoderate,
Petitionarie Tongues
Aſke nothing but in *thongs*,
My Majeſty betray
To that degenerous way,
A *slavery* that can
Become nor *King*, nor *Man*;
Toſtrengthen with conſent
The *ever-male-content*,
By grants contradictory
To Conſcience and thy Glory;
My ſubjects intereſt,
To Royaltie's beheſt,
In the diſcharge of all
Men right, or reaſon, call.
What e'r indignitie,
Or greater injurie,
They yet upon me preſſe,
Let me beare, not redreſſe,

Rather then *Conscience* staine
With the least sin in graine.
What liberties are just
To them both may, and must;
By faire and equall wayes,
Be granted all my dayes,
So I a *free soul* have,
No ignominious *Slave.*
Thou that hast me invested,
By favours well attested,
No lesse in power, then name
Of a *King Christian*,
Let me not *Reason* fashion
To men's uncertaine *passion*,
Nor informe à designe
Which *Reason* call's not mine;
Which *Iustice* hers denies,
Religion denes;
So shall I thee intire
Serve, though not their desire.
Thus driven from the den
Of these *Lion like men*,
Vprightly give me grace
To walke before thy face.
O let me, by thee lead,
In *Truth* and *Iustice* tread,
To happinesse wich tend,
And thy peace in the end,

Though

Though while my way I urge,
From them I feel thy ſcourge.
For his ſake this I crave,
Who ſuffer'd, me to ſave.

HYMNE VII.

VPON THE QVEEN'S DEPARTVRE AND ABSENCE OVT OF ENGLAND.

THou Lord, whoſe *Iuſtice* fitting ſee's
My *Queen* and *me* to ſeparate,
Of thee I aſke, with bended knees,
If thou ha'ſt not conſign'd our fate;
On Earth a reünited ſtate,
Or where Votes change not Heav'n's decrees.

Preſerve us from the hands of thoſe
Who mercy have with duty quit,
Our deadly and deſpightfull foes,
In judgement on our crownes that ſit;
And for thy glorious Preſence fit
Vs through-refined by our woes.

Though we be not in all conjoin'd,
As to the worship of thy name,
The sharpest torment to my mind,
Our cleare affections being the same,
Give (& take) their ambitious flame
Truth in one Pyramid to find.

Knit both our hearts by fast consent
To the intirest love of thee,
In some things else though different,
In that ne'r let us disagree,
For Christ hauing one fervencie,
Whose sufferings joint-salvation ment.

Teach both what thou would'st have us know,
In order to thy Glorie's due,
To pay the pnblike what we owne,
Th' *eternal good* set in our view,
And make us earnestly pursue
That interest, where e'r we goe.

Let not affected *Ignorance*
Of what is needfull to be know'ne,
Nor *Incredulity* advance,
Nor *Waywardnesse* in what we owne,
To staine the glory of our *Crowne*;
May our *Woe* not be *Will*, but *Chance*.

Let

Let not the ſcandal of ſome few,
A *puritie-pretending* Race,
Of my profeſſion in shew,
Deterre her from thy *Truth's* embrace;
Apertly in her proſpect place
The *Errour*, ſeen, the should eſchew.

Let mine and others *Conſtancie*
In what we practiſe and profeſſe,
Be repreſented to her eye
As a more love-inviting dreſſe,
And her faire *Iudgement* præpoſſeſſe
Againſt their Inſtability.

Foure *Beauties* here have each a part,
1 *Humility* hold's up the traine,
While 2 *Loyalty* reſigne's the heart,
And 3 *Charity* doe's entertaine;
Soft 4 *Sweetneſſe*, proſelytes to gaine,
Inchant's with unperceived art.

Let not the fixe *Deformities*,
Which ſome men's practices, of late,
Have boldly ſet before her eyes,
Our *Church* in her opinion ſtate,
And cauſe her, by miſtake, to hate
What she, unprejudic't, would prize.

Thy

Vnbodied [1] *Levity*, all Wing,
Disjointed [2] *Schisme*, and [3] *Heresie*,
That old, new metamorphos'd, Thing
With self-conceited [4] *Novelty*,
Root-and-branch-cutting [5] *Cruelty*,
[6] *Disloyalty*, that front's her King.

Thy sacred and soul saving *Truth*
May she in its owne brightnesse see,
Rise like the *Sun* in Easterne youth,
Admire and love 't in high degree,
As thine, from mist & blemish free,
Of humane mixture that ensueth.

That in *Truth's* glasse she may behold
Thee by thy offer'd mercies shine;
And them with clasped armes enfold,
By Christ no lesse now hers, then thine;
Serve thee in duties all-divine,
And, by his, her owne actions mold.

What we vaine and uncertaine find
In our *dispersion*, and *Eclipse*,
All humane glory puff't with wind,
May force Ambition through our lips
To wish, & gaspe for that which keep's
A changelesse course, and undeclind,
Which in thee onely can be found,
That walk'st an uncontrolled round.

HYMNE

HYMNE VIII.

VPON HIS MAIESTIE'S REPVLSE AT HVLL, AND THE FATES OF THE HOTHAMS.

GReat God, who on thy *vengeance* ha'ſt
Stamp't the impreſſion of *my cauſe*,
Per it me no cloſe pleaſure's pauſe;
But rather make me proſtrate caſt
Each towring and triumphant thought,
Amaz'd at what *thy Hand* hath wrought.

For as to me the Injurie
Is expiated by his *blood*:
So would I not be underſtood
My paſſion to gratifie,
Leſt I reſume *the axe* therein,
Avenge th' *affront*, not judge the *ſin*.

Nor

Nor my *Endeavour*, nor *Deſire*
Was it that drew this mitchiefe downe
And violence, both were his owne,
Which ſo incenſed had thine ire,
That where Rebellion *late was bred*,
Rebellion *muſt require the head.*

Vmpire of Angels in the ſkie,
To plead before the ſonnes of men,
And take my cauſe in hand, agen
Art thou deſcended from on high;
That men may know thy worke & ſee
His judgements not from them, but thee.

I doe not, Lord, I dare not ſay
Let all that are my foes ſo periſh;
I rather *Charity* will cherish,
And for their quick *converſion* pray,
So betterd wilt thou not deny
Them pardon and impunity.

Where I my *mercy* have deſign'd,
Let not thy *Iuſtice*, Lord, prevent,
May they live rather, and reſent
So high offences in their mind;
That ſome may grace expect from mee,
As I, alike offending thee.

For

For thoſe that yet ſurvive, and breath
Infection from a poyſon'd aire,
Rebell in *Campe*, *Towne*, *Fort*, or *Chaire*,
Charge not their ſin with ſuch a death;
In *borrour* may their guilt amend,
In *comfort* their amendment end.

Let this poore *thunder-ſtrucken Knight*
Fixe the revolted *Cavalrie*
In wonder, and amuſe to ſpie
Where the next *Shot* from Heav'n may light.
To them, that know not their ſin, sho' it,
But ſcarc ſuch as of malice do it.

That while they all *cloud-gazing* ſtand,
And ſee not one propitious ſtarre,
They may crouch (though ſuch men of
Warre)
Vnder thy armed *Cherub's* hand;
Or in chang'd zeale commit a rape
On Heav'n, and endleſſe vengeance ſcape.

So ſtablish, Lord, thy ſervant's throne,
As naked *Truth* and *Mercy* meet,
In *Church*, & *Court*, each other greet;
Give me an ever-blooming *Crowne*,
When *Peace* and *Juſtice* pledge a kiſſe,
Reſolv'd to decke my head with bliſſe.

Lord, to my prayer incline thine eare,
Who taught'ſt us thus to ſupplicate
For thoſe that perſecute and hate;
T' oblige, and love, the men we feare;
Such *counter recompenſe* to make
In wrongs, not for *their*, but *thy*, ſake.

So *Mercy* glided ſwiftly downe
On ſilver wings of *Sacred Dove*,
Early determined above
Iuſtice by *Innocence* t' atone;
So for us would à ſaviour die;
When leagued him to crucifie.

HYMNE IX.

VPON THE LISTING AND RAISING ARMIES AGAINST THE KING.

FOr thou, Lord clearly see'st through all ye *clowds*
Of men's disguises what their false heart shrowd's,
And doest judge, as thou seest, the *maine designe*,
Not by their *darke Remonstrances* divine;
Thine owne omniscient-self-eternall Guide,
Infallibly doest *right* from *wrong* divide.
The proud breake downe ye bankes of my defence,
And the *Assembly-men* of violence;
A gainst my soul their high-wrought sea doth rise,
Having nor *King*, nor *God*, before their eyes.

View, Lord, my many causleſſe mortall foes,
And with thy winged legions oppoſe.
Thou know'ſt I had no paſſion, power, nor aime,
Whence to call ye Warre's iſſue by my name;
Nor could I tempted be all to embroyle,
To have nought, but *my ſubjects bloud y^e^ ſpoyle.*
Thou wert my frequent cloſet-witneſſe, Lord,
When I the *Warre's neceſſity* deplor'd,
Lodg'd *Hope* againſt *Aſſurance*, with intent
To force *Fate*, & what muſt be to prevent,
Not become ſo luxurious in my thirſt,
For their lives to adventure mine owne firſt,
Which, often now expos'd to *Chance* and *Foe*,
Were better ſpent to *ſave* them, then *undoe.*
If not by *Grace* ſupported, and thy hand,
My *Patience* can not long thus bended ſtand
Vnder afflictions heaped in thy ſight,
Like *Babels* pile of building, to Heav'n's height;
Yet preſs'd downe by unjuſt reproach, I feare,
More then their armes, their inſolence to beare;
Who, slighting all I ſuffer from their force,
Make me th' *Incendiarie* in diſcourſe,
With ſo imperious, ſteady confidence,
As I ſuſpect, for *Errour*, *Innocence*,
Allmoſt convinc'd to act, by new-found art,
A *ſelf-acquitting*, yet *ſelf-judging* part,

So

So I might gaine my *foes* and *friends* esteem,
Silence *their* malice, *these* from warre redeem
Since, though I must be, what I am not, here,
I shall to thee be, as thou knowst me, cleare.
Thou, searcher of all secrecies, willst find
The *men of bloud*, of a deceitfull mind,
And, as thou hast of many, crosse their wayes,
Cut off their fine-spun hopes with halfe their dayes
Wherein to reape ye full-grow'n fruit they thought,
For which they *counsell'd, cosen'd, rebell'd, fought.*
Thou that from *City-riots* did'st me shield,
Senates, and *Synods*, save me in the *field*;
Let not their *Votes*, nor *Cannons*, me affright;
Scatter the People that in warre delight.
Arise, Lord, ascend higher then before,
The Rebells rage increasing more and more;
Behold how *Mischief* they conceive in mirth,
Travaile with *Wrong*, have ten *Lies* at a birth.
How e'r they varnish paper with pretense,
Thou, ô Lord, knowst ye warre's *mysterious sense*
Is, to confound my person, or to force,
For judgements self-rejection, sad remorse;
So, while I *Truth* professe, and *Truth* denie,
They 'll *Envy* feast with my *Inconstancie.*

I have

I have not *David's* choice, nor dare desire
Into thy hands to fall, which brandish fire
With *fury* for them that against *thee* sin,
And *Conscience*, Heav'n renounce, three
Crownes to win.
When so I want, there I must mercy have,
Where mercy is, to make a *Royall slave.*
Be it rather written in *Fame's* flying roule,
That they *destroy* me, then thou *damne* my soule;
Guard it when men's suggestiõs would affright;
The soul, thou mean'st te save, Lord keep
upright.
If nothing but *my bloud* will satisfie
A faythlesse favour-slighting Enemie,
Nor quenich my Kingdome's flames; nor yet
endeare
Thy *Mercy* to revoke thy *Iudgement* here;
Iam content to kneel at thy command;
Let it be shed by mine owne subjects hand;
To whom though *Innocence* might me acquit,
To thee, for sin, my Scepter I submit.
But, ô! first lave it in that crimson streame,
Whose fountain-head did peace make, sin
redeem;
Which *Iustice* doth not for time expiate,
But run's thy satisfaction beyond date,
Washing all guilt, unbounded, unrepress'd,
Wherein I and my People have transgress'd,

That

That *Diſobliging People*, yet ſtill *mine*,
That *Sinning People*, whom yet owne ſir *thine*;
And when thy wrath's appeaſed by my death,
Let me ſurvive in my expired breath,
T' obtaine thy mercy, & their pardon ſo,
Father, as they all know not what they do.

HYMNE X.

VPON THEIR SEIZING THE KING'S MAGAZINES, FORTS, NAVY AND MILITIA.

.....

THerefore to thee, my God, I flie
As my ſecureſt Sanctuarie;
While I abide
Cloſe by thy ſide,
Their numbers I defie.

When Heav'n & Earth my ſwift thoughts trace
Nor Spirit, nor Prince, nor ſpangled race,

Set

Set my deſire
On ſuch a fire
As thy Imperiall Grace.

Since my *Prærogative's* depreſt;
Since *Forts* and *Ships* they from me wreſt,
Be to me more
Then all before,
With Heav'n the King inveſt.

O bow, or breake the Orbes for haſt;
Let clouds and hilles before thee waſt;
Faile not to bring
Helpe on the wing,
When all's upon thee caſt.

Thou haſt with armes, as bright as day,
Light-harneſs'd horſmen in array,
Them willt not faile,
Where force is fraile,
Whoſe truſt thou art, and ſtay.

Thou know'ſt I have no power at hand,
A levied *Armie* to withſtand,
Who, by pretenſe
Of my defenſe,
Deceiv'd, liſt, muſter, band.

But

But up to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou need'it no helpe, no more shall I,
(Since all is thine,
And thou art mine,)
To *vanquish*, or to *die*.

For if thou have not in delight
My safety and victorious fight,
To thee I yeild,
Before the feild,
And undecided right.

So Fathers from their Children take
Their wils, who no diſpute muſt make;
In Iudgement's guiſe
Doeſt thou chaſtiſe
Thine owne, but not forſake.

I 'll from the throne and title fall,
Whom a *Great Monarch* men did call;
I 'll be nor *King*,
Nor *Man*, nor *Thing*,
That thou, Lord, may'it be all.

From thee I the inſtruction have,
That no *Hoſt's* multitude can ſave;
Thy *Mercies* may
In troupes, as they,
Deliver from the *Grave*.

For thou of *Hosts* art *Paramount*,
And *Mercie's Sire*, beyond account;
With these, or those,
Canst thou oppose,
Rebellion crush, or crowne't.

On every side am I beset,
Each minutes hazards more beget;
All which I beare,
Yet Men not feare,
If thou my cause abet.

I 'll to thy *Iustice* give the glory;
And leave Posterity the story
Of all resign'd
On earth, to find
A heaven intransitory.

Yet, if thou please, thy *Mercy* shall
Me rescue from a desperate fall,
And them confute,
Who persecute
My soul, would me inthrall.

The *World's Creatour* needs must be
King of the Vniverse, and Mee;
Yet by my sin,
Lord, have I bin
A *Duellist* with thee.

Thou

Thou juſtly therefore doeſt repay,
Me when my Subjects diſobey,
Their *Armie* ſtrips,
Their clouds eclipſe
My luſter and array.

But, ô my onely *Refuge*, ſhew
Thy power unmasked in their view;
Let them not boſt
God ha's no Hoſt,
We may him now ſubdue.

Vphold my goings while I tread
Thy paths, and by the hand me lead;
Leſt my feet ſlide,
Or ſtep aſide,
And hazard *Crowne*, or *Head*.

Keep Me, the Apple of thine eye,
With curtaines drawne or'e Cryſtall skye;
Let thy wings ſhade
In Campe be made
My *Shield* and *Canopy*.

O thou, that with thy left-hand might
Doeſt curbe, but ſaveſt by the right;
Let thunder shake,
And wonder make,
Protect me, them affright.

From the presumptuous wickednesse
Of Subjects armed to oppresse;
From deadly foes,
That me inclose,
Give me a cleare egresse.

Shew me to life the *Milkie way*,
Thy presence, and eternall day;
Where treasur'd are,
In each bright starre,
Ioyes never to decay.

HYMNE XI.

VPON THE NINETEEN PROPOSITIONS FIRST SENT TO THE KING, AND MORE AFTERWARDS.

O Thou eternall Spring of *Reason's* light,
Whose *Wisdome's* with *Omnipotence* immur'd,

Furnish

Furnish thy servāt first with *Truths* cleare sight,
Judgement by *Reason* fenc'd, by *Right* secur'd.

Then steel my courage, & confirme my will,
That no fierce terrour, nor oppressive wrong,
Rais'd on proud batteries, or couch'd in skill,
Win *Conscience* to surrender by the *Tongue*.

First I a *Man*, and then a *King* was made,
By that my *Will*, by this my *Scepter* sway;
Nor didst thou by the *King* the *Man* degrade,
But he may chuse by *Yea*, refuse by *Nay*.

The meanest of thy creatures is thus free,
That hath command of *Reason*, use of speach;
Shall that be bold and blameable in mee,
Which in them truth and steadfastnesse doth teach?

Thou seest these mē, how partial! how unjust!
That check in freedome, and restraine their King;
Nor will him with that liberty entrust,
Which themselves in self-arrogancy bring.

Most tender *Patriots* of *Infant-crue*!
At the least touch have teeth & swords on-edge;

Not

Not onely ſnatch my *Crowne*, but *garter* too,
To ſwaddle naked new-borne *Priviledge*.

To thee I ſupplicate, and proſtrate lie,
Who canſt conduct by an unerring thread,
Through *Labyrinths* of thoughts diverſitie,
And darke propoſals in *night-paper* ſpread.

Which I ſuſpect as nets, on purpoſe caſt
Me to entangle in a lavish grant;
Or in my ſtrict deniall lay me faſt,
Seeking my woe, not asking what they want.

Make thy way plaine, ô Lord, before my face;
Let not my ſinfull *Paſſions* cloud thy *Sun*;
Thy *Glory* be my end, thy *word* my race,
In the ſucceſſe whereof, *Thy will be done*.

I can not *all*, I care not *ſome* to pleaſe,
If to pleaſe thee I may be fortunate,
Then voyd of feare my ſoul will take her eaſe,
Whom er'e elſe to diſpleaſe ſhall be my fate.

Thou that infatuat'ſt the wordly wiſe,
And, by their owne contrivance, doeſt enſnare
Such as in wit conceive they beare the priſe,
In all my wiſdome make thy *Truth* my care.

This

This for thy honour, my three Kingdomes good,
My ſoul's atchievement of ſupernall bliſſe;
So unregarded, though well underſtood,
Shall be the World's rude cenſure, ſince amiſſe.

The leſſe *State*-*wiſdome* they will me allow,
The more confus'd ſhall their amazement bee,
When I Heav'n's polar ſtarre of *Wiſdome* show
Fixed in my ſouls firmament by thee.

While out of croſſneſſe, or affected will,
What they can fitly aſke I nought denie,
Yet paſſe not any *unconfined bill*,
For feare of lawleſſe men, or flaterie.

Let me no *guilt* nor *miſerie* contract,
While know'n, or unthought, I what men invent
Advance, which they injuriouſly will act,
With publike hurt, confirm'd by my *conſent*.

Yet if their *zeale*, reformed, ſhall rehearſe
What is the Subjects conceal'd intereſt,
By no moroſe diſſenting, nor perverſe,
May I obſtruct it, becauſe they conteſt.

Let

Let *State*, in charity, ſtoup to *Advice*
Which, ev'n by *lightning*, ſhewe's ye Peoples good,
When Crownes are not of *Property* the price,
Though kindneſſe for the King paſſe in the *cloud.*

An errour, grafted on a juſt intent,
May, by thy breath, in bleſſings fructifie,
When counſells, in the bloſſome fraudulent,
By whirlewinds ſcatter'd, or ſtarre-blaſted, *lie.*

Since for each private ill, or idle, word
Muſt an account be renderd at thy barre,
With judgement let due care my lines accord,
Wherein I ſolemnely my ſenſe declare.

Becauſe the publike *Fortune* will from thence,
Brought to the criſis of her woe or weale,
State her diſtemper, their great influence,
By ſecret deſtiny, muſt kill, or heale.

Though rash things others at sword's point preſent
By which, from *Juſtice* wreſted, they command;
I will her ballance borrow, or conſent,
To weigh each word, I anſwer, with her hand.

Though

Though Sorrowes, heapt like mountaines, on me preſſe,
And Malice would my ſoul Earth's center make,
Nor are my loyall Subjects burthens leſſe,
Who *Peace*, on hard tearmes, might for *Pleaſure* take;

Yet let me not for eaſe one ſinew ſtraine,
Wherein the ſtrength of *Conſcience* doe's conſiſt;
What thou art Maſter of I muſt maintaine,
Nor may of thine diſpoſe, Lord, as I liſt.

HYMNE XII.

VPON

THE REBELLION AND TROVBLES IN IRELAND

O Let thoſe mercies infinite,
My God, prevent us once againe,
To which our *neglect*, or *diſdaine*
Hath forfeited all future right.

Thou ſeeſt the *Croſſe's* crueltie,
Which erſt the marke of meeknesſe was;
The *Iewes* curſe now the *Chriſtian* ha's,
While we each other *crucifie.*

Becauſe we did not more affect
Thy *Truth*, and practiſe it in love,
She ha's commiſſion to remove,
And her forſakers to reject.

Infernal Spirits ſince ariſe,
Which errour breathe and bitterneſſe;
And mutuall hatred mercileſſe
Confuſion ſpread's before our eyes.

Wherein we have tranſgreſſion wrought;
Lord, let thy *Grace* our pardon ſeale;
Our ſufferings ſanctifie; repeale
The judgements which our ſinnes have ſought.

Oh! let us on *Repentance* truſt,
That weeping-marble-arch'd ſupport;
Out of Sin's ruines build a *Fort*,
And raiſe us from our beds of duſt.

Of *Iudgements* keep exact account,
Which I have, and my Kingdome's, felt,
But to their number by thee delt
Let *Conſcience* ſee her *Sinnes* amount.

This

This, if not by reflecting ſenſe,
She may in thy *Afflictions* glaſſe;
Her failings equall to their maſſe,
So juſtly doeſt thou all diſpenſe.

According to thy *Mercies* height,
And multitude, our Sinnes forgive,
Oh! who can under *Vengeance* live,
Whoſe rage each moment heave's more weight.

Yet let us not the burthen make
Of *punishment* ſo great as *Sin*;
In ſorrow let our ſighes begin;
More prone *that*, then *reliefe*, to take.

The firſt fruits of our wished eaſe
May mournfull *Conſciences* reape;
Then on united Kingdomes heape
The bleſſings of immortall peace.

In the *Bay* of our Saviour's blood
Sinne's fury-driven chariots drowne;
Leade through this *Red-Sea* of our owne
To *Canaan's* reſt, and plenteous food.

As in each Subject's ſuffering
My *Publike Relate* give's me share:
So be my ſenſe of all they beare
Fit for a *Father*, and their *King*.

Let my new-kindled coales of *Love*
To melt their eyes & hearts eſſay,
Though to inflame, without allay
Their *zeale* with blazing torches ſtrove.

Vnjuſt *Reproach*, that doth inſpire
Others with vengeance to the Death,
May be to me a gentle breath,
And ſoftly fan *Compaßion's* fire.

Aſſiſt, and reſcue from the ſword
My *Irish* hitherto preſerv'd,
Who from their duty have not ſwerv'd,
* And in thy worship kept their word.

* *Proteſtants*] having proteſted, vvith our Church, adherence to the Religion of the Primitive Fathers.

Whom *Ignorance*, or *Errour*, ſwell
Whith fatall and Rebellious thought,
Whence *Hope* to ſerve thee ſin hath wrought,
Draw where thy ſaving *Truths* doe dwell.

But let thy hand of *Iuſtice* crush
Thoſe that in malice, or deſpight,
Encourage, or againſt me fight,
Shed willfull bloud, without a blush.

Thou that doeſt *Innocence* defend,
And *Errour* pitie, more then hate,

VVillt

Willt both in vengeance ſeparate,
And not with *Guilt*, or *Malice*, blend.

Thou that didſt *Ninus* Citie ſave,
For thoughtleſſe Babes or ſigh, orſmile,
Oh! with the carnage of an *Isle*
Feaſt not the too inſatiate *Grave*.

Nor *Fury* feed, whet by *Deſire*,
That open's veines of *bloud* for *gold*,
With Infant-flesh, nor yet with old;
But curſe the *undiſcerning Ire*.

And in the furnace of thy rage,
Though ſeven times hot, a remnant Keep,
That may, when we in darkeneſſe ſleep,
Prayſe thee to each ſucceeding Age.

To me in mercy judgement give,
Not as is man's unjuſt reproach,
Who will on *fame*, and *crowne*, encroach;
But as thou ſeeſt me juſtly live.

If from *Deſire* I toke *delight*
In the day of my Kingdomes woe;
If what I could, I did not, doe,
This *bloud* to ſave, shed in thy ſight.

Then

Then take thy *flaming sword* in hand;
Feather with *fire* thy swifteſt dart;
Strike through the *Stuarts* loynes and heart;
So may we perish from the Land.

Since I have men enough my foes,
I should not imprecate thy curſe
On me and mine, if I were worſe
Then *Conſcience* and my *Maker* knowe's.

Yet I confide not in my *merit*,
Thy *mercy* is my onely truſt;
In anger, Lord, be *meeke*, though *juſt*;
Deject us, but not *diſinherit*.

HYMNE XIII.

VPON THE CALLING IN OF THE SCOTS, AND THEIR COMING.

THe troubled thoughts are numberleſſe
Which my ſoul for enlargement preſſe;
Lord, bring me out of my diſtreſſe.

Score the way in thy ſervants eye
Of unperplexed *Piety*,
Which is the ſafeſt *Policy*.

Let not their leagued *Force* me move,
Wherewith they ſubtile *Serpents* prove,
Forget the harme-leſſe ſeeled *Dove*.

Though hand in hand they leade the way,
Lord, may I never with them ſtray,
Conſcience, and *Honour*, to betray.

Thou

Thou that didſt raiſe a loyall *Zele*
In *Iudah* and thy *Iſraël*,
Abandon'd *David* to repele;

Thy power in both my *Nations* ſhew,
Alike their ſturdy hearts ſubdue,
Who me with ſwifteſt *Hate* purſue.

O fixe me in thy *Truth's* reſpect,
So they, convinced, ſhall affect
Whom unregarded they reject.

Thou canſt unbounded *Seas* confine
Within a Sandy-cireling line,
And ſinke a deluge of deſigne.

I truſt the terrour of thy *Name*
Will their triumphing fancies tame,
And ſave thy King from *Conqueſt's* ſhame.

Let them who cauſleſſly tranſgreſſe,
Soul-perſecution profeſſe,
Be turned backe, and ſhame poſſeſſe.

For *Iuſtice* and *Integritie*,
In ſeaſon ſend deliverie
To him that waite's it from on high.

Permit not, Lord, thy late delight,
The *Church* to perish in thy ſight;
Redeem her by thy matchleſſe might.

HYMNE

HYMNE XIV.

VPON

THE COVENANT.

TO thee my prayer, Lord, I addresse,
And, though not *Guilty*, Yet *confesse*
For Subjects that so rashly *Sweare*,
As they no judgement had, nor feare.
Of former *Bonds* revive their sense,
Wherewith no *Synod* can dispense,
By Heav'n's Act, and the Kingdome's lawes,
Made all-obliging in my cause,
The *Crowne* and *Church-rights* to maintaine,
No fetters, but a golden chaine,
From which *Reforming Pietie*
Pretended can not set men free,
Much lesse to practises engage,
Not by *Religion* rul'd, but *Rage*.
Inspire a soul-convincing thought,
That what by *force* and *wrong* is wrought
Ha's nos commission from thy *Word*,
Is Furie's dictate to the *sword*.

Thou ſcorn'ſt *Zeale* which to give a pledge
She *Idols* hate's, act's *Sacrilege.*
Let no ſuch pillaging deſigne
The Impreſe beare of tie divine,
Which thou call'ſt by the wiſeſt King
A *ſnare* to take the ſacred thing,
As *Altar-coale*, and then inquire
If that, once vow'd, were holy fire.
O let thy ſervant ne'r complie
With ſacrilegious *Perjurie*;
Nor leave Poſterity beliefe,
That on the *Throne* ſate a *Church-thiefe*;
Who into Heav'n's Exchequer broke,
Rob'd what it *gave*, and what it *toke*;
Who ſtopt the *Race*, and ſtole the *Prize*
In *Leaning* and *Religion's* eyes,
Whoſe *Name*, ſo branded, hath a curſe,
And *ſoul* ten thouſand tortures worſe.
Although my Treaſures are exhauſt,
My debts found, but revenue loſt,
Let me not, to repaire the *Crowne*,
Melt *Temple gold*, or *Miter* downe,
Leſt While I to miſplace the coale,
I fire unquenchably my *ſoul*,
And with the Cenſer of *Saint Paul*,
I not perfume, but burne, *Whitehall.*
What debts are and engagements drawne
By Folly franke in publike pawne,

May

May they long undischarged ſtand,
Rather then cancell'd by *Church-land.*
The cal ned *State* may ſoone recover,
By thee bleſt, when the Storme's blowne over;
But the *Church* in thoſe Halcyon dayes
May want her share of golden rayes,
And *Charity*, wrapt in a clowd,
Leave Prieſt without ſurplice or shrowd.
What by the pious Donors will,
And the Lawes order to fullfill,
Is due to thoſe that in thy *Church*
Thee ſerve, let no *Scotch-leaguers* lurch.
That ſafe, the *Prieſt's* words ſtrike our eares
Not from the *Pulpit*, but the *Spheares*;
The World's cares with his thoughts once mixt,
The ſtarre *fall's* that in Heav'n was *fixt.*
Preſerve it, and thy grace infuſe
To merit, and aright to uſe;
To decke thy *ſervice*, feed the *Poore*
May they imploy that *ſacred ſtore*;
Let not their *Liturgie* be loath'd,
While they in *righteouſneſſe* are cloath'd,
And the *Poore* ſatisfied with *bread*
By the *devotion* of the *dead.*
O let no *holy things* of thine
Be given to *unhallowed Swine*,
Nor the *Church-bread*, if ſav'd from *Hogs*,
Be *Bloud-hounds* food, or *Maſtiffe Dogs*;

Let

Let them pale, meagre-lookt, and thin,
Creep through the *City*, grudge, and grin;
Who gape for all, be all denied,
Th' insatiate unsatisfied.
Those *sacred morsells*, which by force
Are swallowed, may they lose their course,
In their mawes undigested lie,
And those of their *Posteritie*;
Like *Naboth's* grapes to *Israël's King*
May they *Gall* in their palats bring;
With *rottennesse* infest their *fame*,
As *moths* eate their estate and *Name*;
Their *Conscience*, when they panting lie,
Sting them till they *repent*, and *die*.
All forc't and *Sacrilegious* ties,
Mischiefe to act and injuries,
Vntwist, ô Lord, or *Breake* asunder,
Their thoughts *Divide*, or them, with *thunder*,
Those that against the *Church* and *State*
Have *bandied Tongues*, and *linked Hate*,
Their *folly* manifest to all,
Let their swift projects *faint*, and *fall*.
But as, ô Lord, I rightly deale,
My open wounds bind up and heale,
That, by the helpe of *The Most High*,
I may in all have victorie.

HYMNE

HYMNE XV.

VPON THE MANY IEALOVSIES RAISED, AND SCANDALS CAST VPON THE KING, TO STIRRE VP THE PEOPLE AGAINST HIM.

THOu Know'ſt my undeſerv'd diſgrace;
Mine adverſaries in thy ſight,
Lord, have mine honour in deſpight;
Though *Sonnes* of *Men*, a *Lion-race*,
Who all againſt my *Soul* conſpire,
As by each other ſet on fire.

Their *teeth* are forked ſhafts and *ſpeares*;
Their *Tongue* a Keen two-edged *Sword*,
They with *reproach* point every word,
Whereby they all-day wound mine eares;
And thoſe that are againſt me mad,
A *Covenant* ſweare, that's twice as bad.

Hovv

How long shall the bold *Sonnes* of *Men*
Transforme my *glory* into *shame*?
How long, to raiſe a windy *Name*,
Shal they *invent* lies, *ſpeake*, and pen?
Thou hear'ſt, ô God, on every ſide,
My *contumelie* from their *pride*.

Againſt me leſt my foes prevaile,
And tread mine *honour* in the *grave*;
O breake thy *Silence*, it to *ſave*,
And ſcatter them that me aſſaile;
Thou ſhallt deſtroy ſuch as ſpeake lies;
Hate *men* of *bloud* and falſe *diſguiſe*.

Cloth my *Vprightneſſe* with the light
That from the *Eaſterne* hilles appeares,
The luſter of the wheeling *ſpheares*
In my tranſparent breaſt unite;
There let my *Innocency* shine,
Like *Noon-Sun* in a *Cryſtall Shrine*.

Let not my *Silence Truth* betray,
Nor *Wrath* the port of *Patience* ope;
Him may I follow, who is my *Hope*,
And, being *reviled*, nothing ſay;
But, when by them I *curſed* am,
O may I *bleſſe* them into *ſhame*.

Thou

Thou that on *Gera's* raving *ſonne*
Didſt thy *late-ſigned Iuſtice* ſhew,
When *ſtones* & harder *threats* he threw
At *David*, and his ſhaken *Throne*,
(Which yet the *King* durſt not denie
Came by commiſſion from the ſkie.)

Give me thy *interceding grace*,
And *mercy* grant theſe *foes* of mine,
Whoſe due *reward*, I may divine,
Step's in a *ſure*, though *tardy* pace;
Leſt *lying Tongues* taſt, in thine ire,
Coales unconſumed by the fire.

The ſcorching flames of gaping *Hell*
In their fierce mouths a *furnace* find;
Allready tortur'd is their mind
With *Salamanders* there that dwell;
Yet will I coole and quench their *tongues*
With *prayers*, and *teares*, & *taking* wrongs.

Let my good *Deeds* their impious *Words*
Encounter, and ſubdue their force;
Let *Charity* grace my diſcourſe,
And bind them in enchanting cords;
Of ſuch *lips* blaſt the budding fruit,
But grant them *ſorrow* at my ſuit.

While

While *Tempeſts* rage, give me the *Calme*,
In whisp'ring aires of *Iudah's King*,
His patience, while reproach they fling,
Who for each ſuffering had a *Pſalme*;
Through *Hate* let me thy *Mercy* ken,
An'd *Iuſtice* in theſe *ſinnes* of Men.

While *Sheba* shrill *ſedition* ſound's,
And *Rabshekah* in *Iewes*-tongue railes;
While *Shimei*, though his *quarry* failes,
My head with sharper *curſes* wounds;
Let all provoke my *praying Spirit*,
Till I new *bleſsings* may inherit.

Whom they *abjure* and execrate,
Do thou *bleſſe*, & I shall be bleſs'd,
And by my People be confeſs'd
The *Great Repairer* of their *State*;
So, by ſome *Builders* though refus'd,
Be *headſtone*, in the *Angle* us'd.

O looke downe from thy *arched Throne*,
And ſnatch me from their jawes that ſwal low,
All *Scorne* can throwe their; in the hallow
Of thine hand hide me, or the *Cone*
That ſpire's above the reach of *Pride*,
And ſound of *Tongues* that us divide.

HYMNE

HYMNE XVI.

VPON THE ORDINANCE AGAINST THE COMMON-PRAYER-BOOKE.

THOu God, that art the ſame,
For ever glorified,
Who *Mercie's Scene* doeſt frame
To *change*, yet *ſteady* guide;
A quickned ſenſe
Of former want,
By dayly grant,
Who doeſt diſpenſe;

Deſpiſeſt not the shape
Of a *converted Heart*,
For yeſterday's eſcape
That act's a mournfull part;
Becauſe it praye's
Conceived words,
No *newes* affords
In what it ſaye's.

Let us not be bereav'd
Of what, in known conſent,
Vnited *hands* upheav'd,
And *tongues*, to thee preſent,
In holy feare
By *Church* deviz'd,
Not *temporiz'd*
To *changeling* Eare.

Let what our *Votes* containe
Be ſtedfaſt as thy *Will*,
And ſhew in every ſtraine
True *zeale*, no feigned *skill*;
May warme *Deſire*
Not boldly move,
Compliant *love*
Till thou inſpire.

Then we approach as ſure
That thy *perfections* are
So ſpritefull, and ſo pure,
As for no *new words* care.
Nor our *requeſt*
Which with the *Sun*
One courſe doe's run,
Will er'e deteſt.

VVhen

When we should *changes* have,
When *unchang'd formes* maintaine,
Christ his *Church-rulers* gave,
The *Canon* to ordaine;
Pious and *wise*,
As they will chuse;
We both must use,
Neither despise.

O let not *Censure* soare
Where *Iudgement* can not reach,
Nor *Ignorance* adore
It selfe, and others teach;
But make her bend
Obsequious knees
To *Church-decrees*,
Not men offend.

Let not a fond conceit
Of sur infused powers
Presse *Reason*, with no weight,
To null *Religious Howers*;
Of helpes deprive
Which others may,
Of more allay,
Devotion give.

Since

Since new and various guiſe
Errour's advantage makes,
But *Truth* no otherwiſe
Then untransformed takes;
That, masking in
Phantaſtike face,
This ſteady grace
Doe's entrance win.

With *Errours* ſuffer not
Thy *Church* to be involv'd,
Nor, when she *praye's*, to *plot*,
Or ſpeake words *irreſolv'd*;
Thy *Service* may
No *factious Forme*
Expoſe to ſcorne,
Or *new Eſſay*.

Nor let her be depriv'd
Of *Vnity* and *Truth*,
Of *order* well-contriv'd
For pious *Age* or *Youth*;
While they diſcourſe
That *Common-pray'r*
But fanne's the ayr
With *forme*, not *force*.

Let none of us delight,
With ſelf-deceiving Art,
To act the *hypocrite*
In *ſcenike* Tongue or Heart;
To *pray'r* or *prayſe*
Art thou inclin'd,
When *David's* min'd
Chant's *David's* Layes.

Whoſe dayly *ſacrifice*,
And other holy mens,
Did not thy eare *intice*
By *Aires*, but *Innocence*.
We can not miſſe,
If in the ſame
We invoke thy name;
Of *Davids* bliſſe.

What in our *ſoul's* receſſe
Thy piercing eye offends,
Give wiſdome to redreſſe,
Defeat vaine *Follie's* ends;
So wee 'll not doubt
To make appeare
Then *Snow* more cleare
Each ſtaine without.

From blind *Zeale's* dire effects,
Hurried in flames and clouds,
Devotion that protect's
Bold *Hereſies* in crouds,
Thy *Church* for ever,
VVhile she diſplaye's
The *ancient* w*ayes*,
Defend, Deliver.

HYMNE XVII.

OF THE DIFFERENCES BE TWEEN THE KING & THE TVVO HOVSES IN POINT OF CHVRCH-GOVERNMENT.

FOr thou, Lord, my *uprightneſſe* Know'ſt,
And *tenderneſſe*, whereof I boaſt,
Becauſe deriv'd from thee;
Thou ha'ſt me *fayth's Defender* made,
And of *Sea-rounded Churches* ſayd,
Protectour I should bee.

From

From each *miter-encountring* wave,
And *crown-controlling* ſtorme me ſave,
All violence aſſwage;
Which ſwelling up to mountaines height,
And ſpreading clouds in *Conſcience* light,
Againſt my *Reaſon* rage.

Ariſe, and thine *owne cauſe* maintaine,
Let me not be *Supreme* in vaine,
See thy *Church* unattir'd
Of what the *Ancient Chriſtians* wrought,
By *twelve* of thy *firſt Miſſion* taught,
In every age admir'd.

Till *Pride*, *Luſt*, and *Lay-Envie's* eye
Did litle *Holy Land* eſpy,
And thought the purchaſe cheape,
To bury in eternall grave
The glory *Church* & *Learning* have,
Their *rent*, and *curſe*, to reape.

Make me helpe, and commiſerate
Thy *Church's* ſore-afflicted ſtate,
Like the *Samarian* friend;
VVhile ſome *revile* it, *wound*, and *ſtrip*;
Others with neither *hand*, wor *lip*,
Reliefe, or *pitie* lend.

As

As to thy awe-infusing *Throne*
VVhat *Majesty* I have, I owne,
And all due homage pay:
So may the *scepter*, which I beare,
Serve to confound *Heav'n's foes* with feare,
Chace *sacriledge* away.

Allthough *Force* and *Phantastike* slights
Devest me of my *Royall rights*,
VVould *captivate* the *King*;
My *Reason* keep in libertie,
Thy *Church* to guard, and worship thee
VVith *free-will offering*.

VVhat all-contriving *Providence*
Ha's for the *Church's* exigence
Collected, and thy glorie,
Preserve from *sacrilegious* hands,
Or bind in adamantine bands
Each *thiefe*, and *accessorie*.

May they, ô Lord, *repent*, and *live*,
VVho made thee such permission give,
In judgement to their merit,
Now to let in the savage *Boare*,
And subtile *Foxes* long before,
Thy *Vineyard* to inherite.

VVhich

VVich planted by thine owne right hand
They waste, and make a *Desert Land*,
Expos'd to *dearth*, and *scorne*,
VVhere, in *crownes*, fragrant *roses* grew,
Enchased with Heav'n's pearly dew,
The *thistle* thrive's, and *thorne*.

Brand not my *name* with infamie
To credulous *Posteritie*,
As *Brute's* first *Christian King*,
VVho to *Church-ruine* gave consent,
Though to *denie*, doe's not *prevent*,
Or *Bishop-murthering*.

Might I suppose an *erring Father*,
Like *Helens son*, I would much rather
His lapse in *silence* smother,
Meekly reforme, then *holy men*,
And functions yeild to *axe* and *pen*,
In *Sire* slay *Son* and *Mother*.

What, with thy *Church*, I now endure,
And what I have, it to secure,
Is know'n, Lord, unto thee:
From men that reason quit, with speed,
In this extremitie of need,
Deliver *it*, and *mee*.

Whoſe *Counſells* with *Confuſions* ſeem
Big, and perpetuall *ſtormes* to teem,
Which force the bounds of *Peace*,
Of old on thy *Church frontires* ſet,
That *Diſcompoſures* may beget
Errour's and *Schiſme's* increaſe.

But thou that rangeſt in the *Spheares*,
Each moment of the moneths and yeares,
Of *Truth* and *Order* God,
Abate their *malice* in thy time,
Make their *rage* to thy *pleaſure* chime,
And tune them with thy *rod*.

Such as have hoſtile enmitie
Againſt their *Lord*, his *Church*, and *me*,
Crush with thy mighty hand;
All they miſchievouſly deviſe,
Scatter with tempeſts from the ſkies,
Like *Chaffe* in *whirlewinds* fann'd.

That I and they, whoſe cleare deſire
Is, that thy *Church* should have a *Quire*,
May prayſes in it ſing;
And Him before men magnifie
That wrought ſalvation from on high
For Her diſtreſſed *King*.

HYMNE

HYMNE XVIII.

VPON VXBRIDGE TREATY, AND OTHER OFFERS MADE BY THE KING.

THOu that God of *Reaſon* art,
Loving *peace* meant at the heart,
Who diſdaineſt not to *treate*,
Offer mak'ſt inſtead of *threate*;
Thou Whom ſinners ſhould *atone*,
Proſtrated before thy *Throne*,
Reconcilement to obtaine;
That wilt *aske*, who might'ſt *arraigne*;
Though of *right* and *power* poſſeſt,
Tender *mercy* loveſt beſt,
Chuſing to *relieve* and *ſave*
Soules devoted to the *Grave*;

Oh!

Oh! by our *Redeemer's* blood
Soften *Hearts* that have withſtood;
To the *peace* do us perſwade,
With thy ſelfe thou would'ſt have made;
And *reluctting mindes* inure
To *preſerve*, but firſt *procure*
(As we *Chriſtians* are, as *men*)
Peace among our ſelves agen.
How oft have I *peace* deſir'd!
By *intreaties* how requir'd!
But from *peace* they were ſo farre,
As they *arm'd* the more for warre.
To *Paſſions* not us condemne,
Stormes, wherein we can not *ſtemme*,
But our ſelves muſt *ſhipwrack* make,
And all they that doe partake.
Cleare Mens Vnderſtanding's ſight,
Truth to view in *Reaſon's* light,
But ſhew, in *Religion's* grace,
Vs *Chriſtians Truth's* brighter face;
And incline our hearts to hold
One *Spirit*, which *peace* may infold.
Take from us the *Enmity*,
That throwe's darts againſt the ſky;
Give ſuch *mutuall Deſire*,
As no *treaty* need's require.
Warre's ſad miſeries remove,
We merited by want of love;

And that *peace* on us beſtowe,
we to *Chriſt* alone muſt owe,
Who uniting us to thee,
God and *Man* of *Peace* would bee.

HYMNE XIX.

VPON
THE VARIOVS EVENTS
OF THE WARRE,
VICTORIES, & DEFEATS.

SInce, ô my God, thy *Will* hath ſo decreed,
Make me ſubmit to *conqueſt*, as agreed,
And be a nobler *Victour* ore my *foes*,
While I *ſubdue* my ſelfe, not them *oppoſe*;
So *Chriſt*, *omnipotence* abandoning,
Became a *laureate copie* for his King.
Between thy all-creating hands, the *right*
Supporting ſometimes, and the armed might
Of thy afflicting *left*, faſhion each mind
To *Pietie's* beſt forme, by thee deſign'd.

Forgive

Forgive our boasting *Pride*, swell'd with suc-
ceſſe,
And our repining *murmures* in diſtreſſe.
Our charging *Armies* truſt in ſword, and
ſpeare,
Which, like *reedes*, shiver, when our God's not
there.
When we are *ſomething*, be thou *all*, and *all*
When we are *nothing*, doe we *ſtand*, or *fall*;
That while we *conquer*, or *inglorious* bee,
The *World* thy *Glory* may *triumphant* ſee.
To *ſuffer* moſt, where I intend moſt good,
But by thee knowne, is hardly *underſtood*;
And, but for *ſenſe*, *Reaſon* would contradict,
That I should *feel* what forced, I *inflict*.
For, while I *juſtice* doe, and them *chaſtiſe*,
My injur'd ſelfe I *punish* in diſguiſe.
Since therfore, while I *win*, or *loſe*, the field,
I *Suffer*, and, though *Conquerour*, muſt *yeild*;
O with a double portion me inſpire
Of thy celeſtiall *ſoul-ſtrength'ning* fire,
And in full meaſure cumulate thy *grace*,
The onely ballaſt of my *floting caſe*.
As I am moſt *afflicted* in the *ſtorme*
Of thy juſt *furie*, may I firſt *reforme*;
Not onely, happy in *fruition*, ſee
My Kingdomes freed from *civile rage*, but bee

The

The *Angel* of thy *power*, to make *warres* ceaſe,
Thy *breath*, to bring, thy *hand* to hold their *peace.*
Provoke all *Partiſans*, in piëtie
To *overcome* each other, not *decrie*;
May their *Ambitions* know, that *Reaſon's* ſpire,
Lay'd deep in *ſelf-deniall* riſe's high'r;
Preſent, through *Moderation*, to their ſight,
That while they thus *diſtract*, they *diſunite*;
And that the chiefeſt intereſt of each,
Who good intend, is to *repaire the breach.*
As for our *Peace*, luxuriant in ſin,
Warre's dire calamities did firſt begin;
If ſo, for like excreſcences of *Warre*,
To *Peace* returning thou object a barre,
And keep us circling in the *fatall* wheel,
With *ſoules* in guilt, and *bodies* wrapt in ſteel,
Grant *me* thy ſervant, and thoſe *loyall Hearts*
That practiſe more by *honeſty*, then *arts*,
In ſilent whiſpers ſuch *internall calmes*,
As men can't take for *ſpoile*, nor give for *almes.*
Impute not to me the *blood* of the *ſlaine*,
Draw'ne by me with more *griefe* then *drope* with *paine*,
Since, in thine *honour's*, and my *crowne's* defence,
The *ſword* was pointed with a juſt pretence;

But

But wash me in y^e^ *purple ſtreame* that flow'd
From him who *pay'd* for all, though nothing
ow'd,
The *great Paciſike*, that er'e long, I truſt,
Will wind up *Warres*, and *raiſe me* from ye duſt.
For, ſure I am, *the bloudy Hypocrite*
Ha's but a moment's triumph, leſſe delight.

Si hæc non diſplicuerint,
Cætera non deërunt.

THE ROYALL MISSIVE TO THE PRINCE OF VVALES, BEING THE LETTER OF K. CHARLES I.

IN PART METRICALLY PARAPHRASED, FOR ESSAY VNTO THE REST.

By Ri. VVatson.

Printed AT CAEN,
By CLAVDE LE BLANC.
M. DC. LX.